

Thursday Morning, April 6, 1865.

Charleston Papers.

The *Courier*, under the Yankee regime, reaches us at intervals. It is monstrous dull and somewhat dirty. Clearly, the editors possess nothing of the divine faculty. In the paper of the 23d March, there is a report of a "Freedman's Jubilee," in which Cuffee ascends to the heavens of conceit and consequence, rides in his car of state, surrounded by flags and emblems and, sweating still on his way to glory, is allowed to play monkey tricks for a season, prior to his being used up in the front rank, under the punch in the rear of Yankee bayonets. He is on the way through wreaths and roses to the last ditch, where Negrophilus will plant him with a due heed that he gives no more trouble. It affords a sufficient notion of the sort of beginning, in the education of the negro children, that the motto of the flag borne over the little band of woolies, ran thus: "We know no masters but ourselves." With such a tuition, such a moral to begin with—bad enough, in all conscience, to be taught to the white race—what fruit will it bring forth in the negro? God help the servants of such a race, thus tutored.

SURGEON-GENERAL.—We regret to learn that Dr. R. W. Gibbs has, some weeks since, resigned from the office of Surgeon-General of the State, which he has so long filled with credit to himself and benefit to the country. Gov. Magrath has appointed to succeed him Dr. B. W. Lawton, a distinguished surgeon of Barnwell District, and at present a Senator in the Legislature of the State.

DEATH OF HON. A. P. CALHOUN.—This gentleman died at Fort Hill, on the 23d ult., after a brief illness of only two hours. For several years, he was President of our State Agricultural Society, and, in 1860, received the appointment of State Commissioner to Alabama.

John M. Daniel, the old and well known editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, died on the 30th ult., after a protracted illness.

The Federal House of Representatives, on the 22d ult., passed the bill for the forfeiture of the property of rebel land owners, by a majority of 72 to 71 votes—a close contest.

In order properly to define our position, I must be pardoned for being a little personal, but shall, in every case where names are necessary to the integrity of my narrative, deal in initials or blanks.

My husband is a clergyman. By appointment of the presiding officer of his church, Columbia, South Carolina, has been for two years past his field of labor. His pastoral charge was the large colored congregation of the Washington Street Methodist Church, and he was the Superintendent of the "Bureau of the Central Association for the Relief of the South Carolina Soldiers." In view of the invasion of the State by the Yankee enemy and the possibility of their reaching Columbia, the Association counselled the Superintendent to rent a bureau in the village of Chester, and there, in case of Sherman's advance, to remove the contents of the bureau in Columbia. As this advance, by the booming of the cannon, was reduced to a certainty, he engaged a car to take the things of the Bureau, and those of his family, to Chester. Previously, he had sent part of his family to Lincoln, N. C. So that, when we had, as we supposed, secured a car for our goods, nothing then remained to prevent our leaving Columbia; for our house, we knew, would be as faithfully protected by those we left in it as if we were to remain in it ourselves. So, on Wednesday afternoon, after solemn prayer, in which the minister solemnly committed the house, and all that were to remain in it, to the superintending care of God, with the cannon booming louder and louder every moment, we left our home.

I should, ere I proceed farther, state that the minister's pastoral charge he committed to a brother minister, whom duty—paramount duty to the State—called not away, as with himself was the case.

About 10 o'clock p.m., we arrived at Killian's Mill. As we entered the house, we found the family in active preparation for flight. I obtained a loll on a sofa for a short while before it was taken out to be sent off; and biscuits and coffee handed in to us proved that the hurried and distressed mistress could still attend to the sacred rites of hospitality. Alas! they were the last ever to be exercised in that kind home. About 4 o'clock a. m. found us started for our journey. The Killians' in the cars, we in our carriage, drawn, to my exceedingly great annoyance, by slow, obstinate mules, whose snail-pace was anything but comfortable, when the rumor reached us that just there where we were, between Ridgeway and Killian's Mill, the enemy meant to flank our army and break the railroad. If "a horse is a vain thing for safety," ah! thought I, what is a mule? "If they come upon us," said I to my

traveling companion, "do you take to the woods, you know the country and will escape; all they will do to me, will be to take the horse and leave me to foot it at my leisure." But we arrived at Ridgeway without molestation, and then felt, for the time, being, safe. The following Thursday, stopped for the night at our friend, Col. W.'s. The colonel absent in the army, his wife and four refugee friends, two of whom, the Misses Z., who had the day before left our house in Columbia. We found the party not at all excited about the advance of the enemy, although the reports of the guns at Columbia were distinctly heard there, and those from Winnsboro. Mrs. W. said her husband told her, "he would be ashamed of her if she felt afraid of a Yankee." I confess I tried to excite her fears, at least, to preparation for the saving of her provisions—but, in the night, we should come home but the Colonel himself. Knowing the enemy would pass his army, we had obtained a furlough for the purpose of watching over his homestead.

II.

We made the next morning an early start. En passant, Winnsboro; found the village looking rather blue, in anticipation of a new and unwelcome guest. Towards night, as we arrived at Blackstocks, one of our mules fairly gave out. We were fortunate enough to borrow one's place. Stopped at Mr. Y.'s inquired for a night's lodging. Were bid a hearty welcome, with the affirmation that they never turned any one away. After supper, attracted to the window by an unusual looking light so far in the distance, in the direction of the beloved home we had left. Some thought it the woods; others, the cotton at Ridgeway; the gentleman of the house said, under that light there was a very big fire. That lurid light seemed, for me, to possess a fascination. I could not turn away from it. At last I said, "that may be my own house burning now." It was my own, my beautiful Columbia. It was my blessed church and its parsonage and Sunday school room, that were causing the red glare they sent up, the very sky to blush for the cruelty of men made in the image of God. I can never forget that lurid, burning light, that seemed to burn into my brain, as it burned blind me. There was a good deal of conversation here, in view of Sherman's approach. A widow woman showed me her blistered hands. "You have to work very hard," I said, commiseratingly. "No, no!" she said "it was from burying my meat." At neither of the houses where we staid, since we had left our own, would they charge us a cent. The minister, in return, gave them his prayers. Both of these hospitable homes were saved. Sherman's army, when arriving at Blackstocks, in sight even of Mr. Y.'s, turned in another direction.

The next day, Saturday, saw us at Chester. We drove up to the cottage rented for us, alighted, then sent to the depot for our things. Alas! nothing was there for us, of the best from our house in Columbia, with provisions for